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Sunday, Dec. 25, 1938

Precious Prayer-Book of a Mighty Medieval Prince

Colorful Paintings From the Breviary of Philip the Good

The Martyrdom of St. Denis and His Companions.

The King and His Fool, Showing the Evil Flatterer.

The Nativity, or the Birth of Christ in the Manger at Bethlehem With the Virgin and a Group of Angels and Joseph and Attending Women in Adoration.

P

St. Michael Mastering the Demon.

The Resurrection of the Saviour on the Third Day After the Crucifixion, with Jesus Stepping from His Tomb as the Angel of the Resurrection Adores Him and the Roman Guards Sleep.

The Truth About What Was to the Last Served by the Brutal Wife Who Murdered Her Husband Came Out When a Patron Found In Broth Had a Gold Tooth in It.

Cooked And Ate Her Own Husband

Science Tells A Troubled World To Go Back To Religion

WHY IS the world today a turmoil of wars, strikes, revolutions and racial persecutions? Why have business depressions occurred to rob people of their savings and hopes for the future? A not unusual answer to this is that the world is mad, and C. G. Jung, famous Swiss psychologist, says the world is mad because modern men and women are afraid to die.

It was some form of religion that helped men and women of past generations to look on death as a goal, a great adventure. Dr. Jung believes religion with a hope of a future life must be brought back to save the world from continued insanity.

Speaking at the International Medical Congress of Psychotherapy, held in England, Dr. Jung said that there are two main reasons why people develop fears, anxieties and phobias, symptoms of the mental and nervous breakdowns called neuroses, the kind of mental and nervous breakdowns that he believes are responsible for the world's present trouble. One reason is that in the first half of a person's life he may not be able to meet and solve the everyday problems of adult life as they develop. The other reason is that many an individual, after he reaches the second half of life, finds it impossible to face death and what if any thing will happen afterward.

A young man or woman may not be able to get over the hurdles of choosing a career, earning a living or finding a mate. Not being able to turn some of these most important problems may make a fellow lose confidence in his ability to do anything right and he may think he is a failure in the eyes of others. Soon as if to excuse himself for his failure, such a person may develop imaginary physical ailments, although neither of which he is really sick. The mind, too frequently gets out of control.

The Famous Psychologist Declared That There Is a Real Connection Between Empty Churches and Crowded Arsenals. Because the Desire for Power and Riches Is a Madness Brought on by Fear of Death.

Dr. Jung believes that a return to some more definite religious faith is the only thing that will save the world from utter ruin. It is he says, an insanity of the individual that he has lost the religious attitude of life. He finds it again he says, is a cure for the trouble.

The famous scientist said that the modern world's kinds problems can be found if religion and science stop bickering. he believes psychologists and religious workers should join hands to give some such religion to people as they have never had a need of it before.

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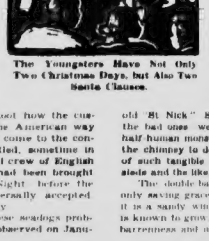
The Mason of Scotland Thought Upon a Sort of Guillotine Known as the Maiden, and Was the First to Lose His Head Under It During Queen Elizabeth's Reign

Inventors Jinxed By Their Genius

Where Youngsters Celebrate Christmas Twice

THE OLD rhyme that goes . . . At Christmas play and make good cheer for Christmas comes but once a year doesn't mean a thing in the little storm-swept village of Rodanthe, one of the four isolated communities on the sandy island that forms Cape Hatteras.

In Rodanthe a thing sufficient of 300 people the hardy youngsters of the fishermen and the coast guardsmen always celebrate Christmas twice, first on the twenty-fifth of December and again on the fifth of January. There's been doubling up the yearly biggest holidays like this for generations, not even the oldsters in the village seem quite know why except that their fathers and grandfathers before them want around twice on the presents the turkey and the cranberry sauce and all the customary Christmas fixings.



The Youngsters Have Not Only Two Christmas Days, but Also Two Santa Clauses.

The little Rodanthians don't care a hoot how the custom started, but scholarly students of the American way of life have done a little delving and have come to the conclusion that Hatteras was originally settled, sometime in the seventeenth century, by a shipwrecked crew of English sailors. These Britishers it is guessed had been brought up to celebrate Christmas on January 6th before the calendar we use today had been universally accepted. Twelfth Night falls on the fifth of January.

For many years the descendants of these seadogs probably had only one Christmas, which they observed on January A. And then they found out that all the colonists of the mainland celebrated Christmas on the twenty-fifth of December. They fell in line with the rest of the country, but didn't give up their doings on the old Twelfth Night. Hence the lucky break for the small fry of Rodanthe.

Last year the village boasted three official Santa Clauses, one on each Christmas. December 25th and one on old Christmas. This hope-chesting had nothing to do with tradition. It just happened that there were two Santa Claus outfits in the place so they were pressed into service.

The double-barreled Christmas of the residents of Cape Hatteras also brings the youngsters a hand-me-down from another ancient custom, a mythical character known as "Old Buck," who is a sort of alter ego for kindly old "St. Nick." Santa calls on the good boys and girls but the bad ones well, they are likely to find "Old Buck," a half-human monster with horns and hoofs, dropping down the chimney to deliver a savage kick in the pants instead of such tangible evidences of good will on earth as dolls, sleds and the like.

The double-barreled Christmas, however, is about the only saving grace of Rodanthe for the youngsters, because it is a sandy wind-swept strip of land where only one tree is known to grow, and that one crippled by the storms. For barrenness and monotony few places beat it.

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Among the most famous examples of this was the trial of the Regent Morton of Scotland. In the year 1581 he was condemned to death by the Maiden, a simplified form of the guillotine which he originated as the method of execution for Scotland.

Matthew Hopkins, the greatest English witch-finder of the seventeenth century, caused the deaths of hundreds of his countrymen, including several old clergymen, on the charge of witchcraft. He had a grand time while it lasted but finally was caught in his own trap and tried by his favorite test, the water ordeal. He failed to pass it and was drowned, a fitting finish to a witch-hunting career.

Lucretius Soriza, who invented the Iron Shroud was the first to be hit by his terrible engine of torture. The Perrotti an instrument for roasting victims weighing 1500 pounds accidentally discharged against a wall, and slew its inventor. Clathrous, the ancient Greek who introduced the method of ostracism or anonymous voting to have persons exiled, was the first to be banished by means of it.

The Bishop of Verdun invented the agonizing Iron Maiden small to allow the tenant to stand upright or lie at full length. He was the first to be shut up in one. Durand La Balue, who recommended the cage to Louis XI, was forced to confront its use for 10 years.

In the Old Testament, Haman, son of Hammedatha the Amalekite of the race of Agag, devised a super-gallows 50 cubits high on which to hang Mordecai by way of beginning the destruction of the Jews. Haman was hanged on his gigantic gibbet before he could use it on Mordecai.

Perillus, who invented the Brazen Bull of Phalaris, a monstrous invention in which people were baked to death, was the Tyrant of Agrigentum, whose power seemed as unshakeable as his cruelty. Yet he was the first man to be killed in the awful way he thought up.

Again and again history has put the finger on the clever inventor and mixed him with his genius. But especially in the case of the hard-hearted lack of virtue has been its own reward and with what amounts to poetic justice has killed villains repeatedly with their own bitter medicine.

Why Didn't They Chop Off Wicked Mme. Hassen's Head?

Developed Sketch by a French Police Observer of the Tragic Moment When the Wall in Mme. Moulay Hassen's Villa of Iniquity at Fez Was Broken Into and Four of Her Slaves, Three Girls and a Boy, Were Found Starving and Emaciated Behind It.

Condemned and Officially Reported Executed for Her Unspeakably Cruel Crimes, It Now Leaks Out That She Is Still Alive and Soon May Be Free—But Who Her Powerful French Protectors Are and Whether They Are Inspired by Fear or by Gratitude Remains a Dark Mystery

Cheriffa, the Dancing Girl for Whose Murder Mme. Hassen Was Put on Trial at Fez, Africa, Where the French Colonial Officials Condemned Her and Afterwards Reported Her Execution—But It Now Turns Out That She Did Not Die at All and Is Still Very Much Alive and Expecting Freedom.

MEKNES, French Morocco.

CONVICTED, sentenced to death and reported to have been beheaded in 1931, Moulay Hassen, the murderess of Meknes, turned up the other day in a Moroccan jail, alive and smiling, with only a short sentence to serve.

By this unexplained ending of the sometimes tragic, the woman already the most famous as well as infamous of modern Africa adds another chapter to her career and joins that mysterious host of ghosts-in-the-flesh, officially dead, but supposed somehow to have cheated the grave.

There was the Dauphin, supposed to have survived the French Revolution, and his counterpart, a daughter of the last Russian Czar, supposed to have been overlooked when the Reds murdered the rest of the Royal Family. Evidence has been offered that John Wilkes Booth was not shot after he assassinated Abraham Lincoln but died many years later of natural causes. Some believe that King Edward VI of England, far from dying in his youth as the histories say, became Francis Bacon, and even wrote the works attributed to William Shakespeare. However, there have always been grave doubts about these alleged grave-cheaters but seemingly none at all about Madame Moulay Hassen.

Few persons ever deserved the death penalty more thoroughly than did Moulay, who not only murdered but tortured her victims alive. Yet the blackness of her life was illuminated by brilliant deeds, some so courageous as to be heroic. For one of these which was officially recognized she almost received the Legion of Honor, but it is believed that others which are only whispered about were even more important in the eyes of the Government. The woman can hardly be explained except as a Jekyll-Hyde character.

It looks as if the Government of French Morocco also suffered from double personality when it handled her case. First, as an upholder of law, order and the sanctity of human life, it tried, convicted and sentenced her to death for murder. Then the soft-hearted government personality seems to have taken charge and done nothing but put the murderess in a nice, safe cell until public opinion had cooled down. No doubt it was mindful of what the convict had done for the Government in the past and perhaps gave a thought to what might happen if she were put to death.

The evidence had been so overwhelmingly against her that conviction was inevitable and the death sentence seemed equally so. But it was weeks before this was confirmed in an official dispatch. Months later came the statement that sentence had been executed. When it was learned the other day that the murderess was alive, serving a 15-year sentence from which she may be paroled at any moment, the authorities casually explained that the reports of the death sentence and execution were errors.

The cause of her execution certainly was [illegible] and it seems sure that the death sentence was not actually pronounced and then secretly reprieved. In any event, why did the Moroccan authorities and the parent government at Paris make no effort to correct the errors? It is much as if a famous murderess were to be found alive in Sing Sing Prison and the American authorities merely explained that reports of her sentence and execution were errors which they had not bothered to correct. Can it be that officialdom wanted the public to believe that justice had been satisfied and that the truth is only now being revealed to soften the shock of her expected release?

The Bible relates that the woman Rahab had a house in the wall of Jericho, in which she hid Joshua's three spies, and for which she was duly rewarded. Moulay also had a house in the wall of Fez, in which she saved the lives of 16 young French officers from a mob of natives. Her house at Meknes, from which she was taken to jail, was also in its ancient wall. Houses in the wall had advantages which appealed to women of Moulay's mysterious ways.

The French authorities had for some time heard blood-curdling stories of tortures and even murders in Moulay's wall-house in Meknes but, as often as they traced them down to anyone who might really know, the man or woman trembled and would not say anything, so they never pressed their investigations of the woman who always replied to their questions:

"I saved the lives of 1,000 Frenchmen."

But one day that stock answer was not quite enough. A wind had blown down a fig tree in Moulay's garden and from where the roots had been children pulled out some of the bones of what had been a young woman. Someone else might have placed the bones there but the police thought they would at least make some pretense of investigating the latest rumor that four people had been buried alive in one of the walls of Moulay's house.

More of the walls gave forth [illegible] sounds and the young officer in charge, not knowing [illegible] and remembering that he was dealing with a woman of great political influence, decided it might be better for his career not to begin at all. Just as they were about to leave, there came a scratching sound.

"What is making that sound?" asked the officer, and Moulay replied without hesitation:

"It is a cat that got in there when we had some repairs made a few days ago."

The officer had his doubts and pounding on the wall with a pistol butt shouted:

"This is the police. Is anyone behind that wall? Answer in the name of the law!"

After a brief silence there came an answer, a faint mewing like a cat.

"Satisfied now, Monsieur Gendarme?" said Moulay. "Or do you wish further to annoy the savior of General Poeymirau?"

The officer said that he had probably [illegible] for his own [illegible] and [illegible] face turned as a preliminary to retreat, but he straightened up from the bow with a start. Another sound was now coming from that wall, faint, hollow and ghostly like a voice from the tomb. It said:

"No, I will not keep quiet. Help! There are four of us here and we are dying."

After that the poisonous looks of the most powerful woman in Africa could not restrain the police from breaking down the plaster and taking out three girls and a boy, almost naked and almost skeletons.

"Water," they moaned feebly, and it was Moulay who jumped to bring it to them, but the boy feebly pushed it away, whispering:

"No, poison; policeman get it."

With an angry gesture Moulay smashed the pitcher on the floor and the police filled another. When the four had recovered enough to talk they told a long, pitiful story of how Moulay had enticed them into captivity, had them trained to dance and then kept them prisoner on pain of death.

"We have been in there four days without food or water," one of the female skeletons said. "She told us she would take us out and flay us alive if we spoke."

"But I didn't care because we were going to die anyway if we didn't," interrupted the boy. "And we can tell you whose those bones were you dug up in the garden. They were Cheriffa's; we saw her murdered and that's why she did this to us."

Cheriffa was a pretty girl somewhat older, who had been white-slaved some time before and it was she who had told them that escape was hopeless.

Poor Cheriffa not only had to accept the attentions of guests but stand tortures for their amusement. One of these was to dance nude with a tray of goblets brimming full of boiling hot tea over her head. About once out of four times she was able to get away with the dance without scalding herself.

On the night of the murder, a fat old Pasha had the idea of sticking pins half way into the dancer's flesh with the [illegible] heating [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his fat stomach and [illegible] him in the [illegible] so hard she [illegible] most broke his neck. The [illegible] rescued prisoners told of how the short-lived rebellion was put down by seeing Cheriffa beaten to death and her flesh fed in strips to cats. The bones were then scraped to be [illegible] and buried in the garden and after that Moulay had walled up the witnesses.

"How did the cat get in?" asked the police.

"I was the cat," replied one of the girls. "When she walled us up the old devil promised to let us out sometime if we did not speak. But in case anyone should ask if someone was within the wall we were to mew like a cat. We did not see the sense of her telling us that because we were bound and gagged. But she must have known that perhaps one of us would get her hands loose and untie the others because that is what happened."

A Photograph of the Boy Slave Who, With Three Girls, Was Rescued From the Walled-Up Niche in Moulay Hassen's House, Showing the Extreme Emaciation From Almost Complete Starvation.

Once the natives saw Moulay, then about 47 years old, behind the bars, the spell of fear was broken and there was a rush of witnesses to testify against her. The woman's defense was not very strong except that statement about saving 1,000 Frenchmen. This incident had happened in Meknes when a plot to slaughter General Poeymirau and his garrison of 1,000 men was so carefully laid for the annual Aissaua Blood Festival that it was not suspected and would doubtless have succeeded had not Moulay warned them just in time.

Mme. Moulay Hassen, Once Famous Dancer and Spy—a Photograph Taken Shortly Before Her Arrest.

But it was long before that when she performed her most famous and spectacular exploit at Fez. There a regiment of native soldiers mutinied, leaving their sixteen French officers at the mercy of the mob. Not knowing where else to go they fled to Moulay's house in the wall for sanctuary and [illegible].

She and her girls went to work on the young officers, making them shave their moustaches, staining their skins, powdering their faces, rouging their cheeks, pencilling their eyebrows, lengthening their lashes, painting their lips, fitting them into the robes and headgear of the house's wardrobe and dousing them with perfume. By the time the mob broke in it found what looked like about 16 more girls than usual lying around on the divans but no sign of the men. Off went the mob to search elsewhere. For these and many other services which have not been formally cited, she was proposed for the Legion of Honor but the respectable women of France rose in wrath against a woman of Moulay's profession receiving that honor. There was a delay but pressure would probably have put the thing through had not Moulay made the tactless remark that if they did not hurry up, she would hang the decoration on the tail of her mule when it did come. That killed her chances forever.

Though nobody outside high government circles can say positively, it is whispered that Moulay could tell things that must never come out. All the more reason, one might think, for cutting off her head. But perhaps the political dynamite is in the hands of her friends and agents, safely in some other country, ready to be touched off unless the dangerous woman is speedily released. At present it is just another dark mystery of the Dark Continent.

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Chickens STRIP TEASE for Science

strictly nude and remaining so. The almost featherless birds have been the subject of research which has been going on at the State College for three and a half years ever since a Mr. Bodine went to his incubators and found a nude chick. Other such freaks, the Cornell scientists say, appeared in the Bodine incubators during the hatching season, but were killed as worthless culls.

From that first stripped chick, a white Leghorn female, which was mated by artificial insemination in the spring of 1936 with an unrelated male of the same breed, 31 chickens, all with normal plumage, were produced. The original hen did not survive for another year, but her sons, when mated with normal females, produced both naked and normal chicks.

As the naked birds grew older the feathers gradually appeared and slowly covered the birds. At maturity they look a great deal like any other fowl, except that they lack wing feathers and tail feathers. From about two to four weeks of age most of the naked chicks appear more naked than at any period in their lives.

The interest of the State College of Agriculture poultry scientists has been entirely scientific. They do not predict that hens all ready for the roaster can be developed.

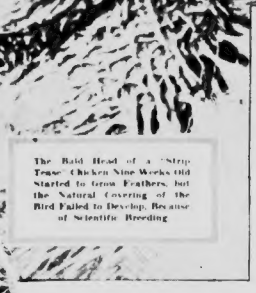
The biggest disadvantage of the nude chicks, according to the poultry breeders, is that the naked condition is due to a gene, or inheritance bearer, that is partially lethal. A lethal gene is one that kills chicks while they are still in the shell. This naked gene allows a few to survive, so it is called a semi-lethal gene.

About 15 per cent of the fertile eggs laid by strip-tease hens produce naked chicks. The experimenters feel, however, that it would be possible to develop entirely nude birds if roosters stripped of the last spiky pin feather.

If that were possible, said Dr. [illegible], a Syracuse city [illegible] could raise hens in their yards [illegible]

This Nudist White Leghorn Chicken is Four Months Old. It Came Into the World Naked and Has Sprouted Only a Few Pin Feathers Since It Pecked Its Way Out of an Egg on the Campus of Cornell University.

These Two Chicks Are Just Out of the Incubator. The One on the Left Is a Normal, Fluffy Inhabitant of the Barnyard, and the Other Is the Funny Looking Victim of Scientific Tinkering with Nature.



The Bald Head of a "Strip Tease" Chicken Nine Weeks Old Started to Grow Feathers, but the Natural Covering of the Bird Failed to Develop, Because of Scientific Breeding.

Weather Stations in Mid-ocean?

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How High Do Birds Fly?

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Dresses for Turtles

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The Saddest Love Letter Ever Written

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The Young Englishman Wrote the Letter His Girl in America Was Waiting For, And Enclosed Money For Her Passage—But She Died, Thinking the Letter Never Was Sent.

LOOKING like a flock of fugitives from a butcher shop refrigerator, featherless chickens are science's latest object lesson in the importance of good breeding in the barnyard.

The tiny chicks themselves are of little commercial importance, but as horrible examples they are heartbreakers according to the poultry experts of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University who have been raising the naked babies of chickens. Their scientific message first brought to the attention of poultry raisers at the New York State Fair at Syracuse, New York, a few months ago, has attracted the interest of thousands of farmers since.

There are extensive records of chickens by no means as rare as 1936, but there are no reports of chickens more

But soon after his arrival he discovered that Lucy had been over optimistic. As hard as he tried, he could only find an occasional odd job in St. Andrews. Nearly a year passed before he was ready to give up hope. Then he told Lucy that he thought he could do better in England and after some delay, he man-

The money will be used to place flowers on the spinster's grave for many years to come.

The Latest Fashions For Pet Turtles Are Gay "Slip Covers" That Are Fitted To The Arching Shells And Held In Place With Wide Bands of Elastic.

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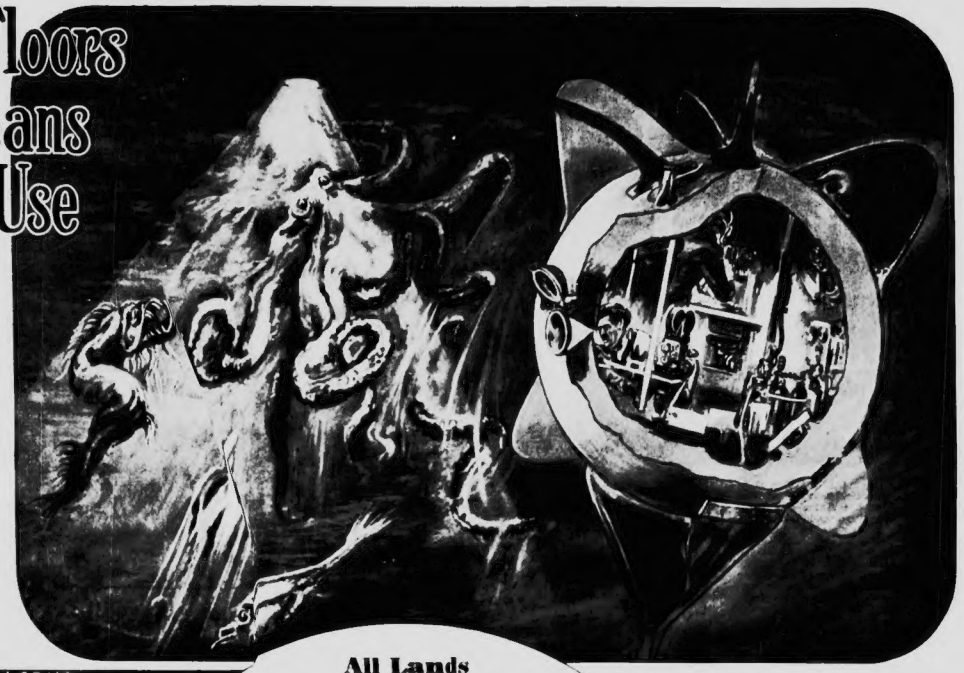
To Win the Floors of the Oceans For Man's Use



All Lands Mapped, Stratosphere Being Conquered, Explorers Turn to Treasures of the Seas' Depths, While Others Hope to Pierce Earth's Heart and Then—ON TO THE PLANETS!

By Dr. E. E. FREE,
Scientific Adviser of The American Weekly.

LIKE Alexander, who sighed for new worlds to conquer, explorers have run out of jobs. During the last few years the last unknown center of Arabia has been crossed, only some parts of the ice-covered Antarctic continent remain little known.

Are the explorers heartsick?

Not for a moment!

They already have found their new worlds to conquer, at least in imagination.

Some are far up in the sky. Others are deep down in the seas. Perhaps greatest of all are the vast unseen realms at the bottom of the oceans.

And when everything else runs out, there are those who will be plans for exploring the distant planets and even still more distant stars.

Professor Auguste Piccard, the distinguished Belgian scientist who made the first balloon flight into the stratosphere, has detailed plans for exploring the strange world beneath the sea, the more than two thirds of the earth's surface which is covered with deep seas and which no man ever has seen. What he will find there ... even Professor Piccard can only guess.

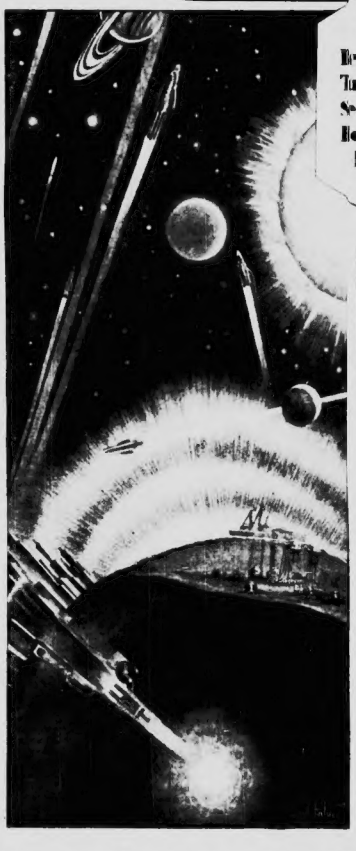
Professor Piccard, the first man to penetrate the stratosphere, the first man to see the curvature of the earth, has made special preparations for his journey to the bottom of the sea.

He has designed and built a huge steel ball, which he will lower from a ship to the bottom of the ocean. It will be manned by two men, who will be protected from the tremendous pressure of the water by the strength of the steel ball.

Professor Piccard's ball is not the first of its kind. Professor William Beebe, famous naturalist, has descended in a similar ball to depths of more than half a mile. But Professor Piccard's ball will be able to go much deeper than Professor Beebe's. It will be able to withstand the pressure of the water at depths of more than seven miles.

Professor Piccard's ball will be lowered from a ship by a steel cable. It will be provided with windows of heavy glass, through which the men inside will look out upon the strange world of the sea bottom.

Diagrammatic Sketch of the Interior of Prof. Piccard's Underwater Free Balloon, Which Will Carry Two People for Nearly Six Miles and Be Able to Explore Most of the Ocean Bottoms. Deep-Sea Monsters About Which Little Is Known, Swimming Near the Ball, Will Be Watched Out by Electric Waves.



Sketch by Prof. Piccard Showing the Drag Which Fastens to the Bottom of the Ocean and Fastens the Great Ball to Keep What Distance Is Necessary Above It, Like an Anchored Balloon

A Glimpse of the Possible Future: Earth's Ocean Beds Giving Up Their Treasures of Foods and Minerals and Made Into Farms for Man, While Giant Borers Pierce Earth's Crust for Energy, and Rocket Ships Soar to Man's Colonies Upon Far Worlds in Space.

like miners slowly thr... the rocks so that there would be ... easily small loss to the amo... of lower animals from any one ...

Perhaps ...

... air. A bag of ... will float when ... the sea bottom ... the top, just as a ... to the air floats ... and rolls in the ... the hydrogen in the ... provides the salt water in the sea that a balloon has ... valve for a balloon in the air.

The plan for the ... of this steel ball with ... and fastened to it by a ... heavy sphere. This sphere has to be strong enough to stand the enormous pressures even of the sea bottom. It will be heavy enough to drag down the ball. Automatically the whole arrangement will sink slowly to the bottom, just as a balloon sinks in the air. The sinking effect is carried to the bottom by the gas bag.

But would be all right if Professor Piccard intended never to come up again but he does intend to and he believes that he can. This is arranged precisely as in an aerial balloon, by providing ballast. If the pilot of an aerial balloon finds his craft too heavy and falling in the air, he throws out some of the sand carried as extra weight for precisely that purpose. If the balloon rises too rapidly, he lets out some of the gas in the bag. Professor Piccard expects an undersea balloon to be maneuvered in exactly the same way.

Underneath the steel cat which will contain the underwater aviators, weights are attached. These can be let go from inside. Accordingly when observations have been completed on one part of the bottom and ... The Possibility that the Ball May Entangle Itself in Seaweed in Some Unknown Vegetation on the Depths Has Been Taken Into Consideration and the Voyagers Can Throw Off All Impedimenta Especially the Heavy Ballast Pigment Causing the Ball to Jerk Upward ...

... time by the gas bag.

... balloon of the sea and their glimpses lasted for only a few minutes, after which the sphere had to be pulled up.

Professor Piccard's idea is that such bathyspheres hung on steel cables from above never will provide for long enough study of the sea-bottom world. What he proposes is a balloon filled with oil with the steel cabin or gondola for the explorers hung underneath it.

Oil is lighter than water just as the hydrogen which Professor Piccard used to lift his stratosphere balloon is lighter than the ...

... Chance, books and so on might be provided, worked by magnetic or electric controls from inside the explorers hollow ball. Once a wreck is located, more oil filled ball-

... In the meantime, there will be years of opportunity of adventure, achievement, and also of failure and disaster, in exploring by sea balloons or in some other way the mysteries and treasures of the underwater globe.

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"Curse of Wicked Elfrida" Strikes Again?

When Queen Elfrida Lay Dying, According to Legend, a Tall Hooded Figure Entered the Building and Came Out Dragging Behind Him That Very Wicked Lady Dressed in Her Most Gorgeous Robes, Driving Her Away in a Coach Drawn by Headless Horses. And This Scene Is Periodically Enacted by Phantoms. So Whisper Those Who Live Near

An Old Engraving of St. Dunstan, Who Put the Second Curse Upon Corfe Castle Because of the Evil Deeds of Queen Elfrida

Another Strange Murder In the Ruins of "Haunted" Corfe Castle in England Frightens the Superstitious Who Live In Its Shadow of 1000 Years of Tragedy

The Picturesque Ruins of Cursed Corfe Castle, Where the Latest Weird Murder Happened

An Old Print Showing Queen Elfrida Flogging Her Son Almost to Death—for the Cruelties for Which She and Her Castle Were Accursed.

A

Elfrida, learning the fully repentant, used her influence to find the body and throw it into a pool.

A few days afterward a number of Edward, Alfric, Earl of Mercia, was passing that way in search of the King, when he noticed a column of light arising from the pool. He ordered the body of the King to be taken out. By this means it was carried to Shaftesbury Abbey and received royal burial.

Elfrida, simulating great grief at the King's death, attempted to join the funeral procession, but her horse refused to go near it. When she tried to get on foot, her legs also refused to obey her, so down the old story she was obliged to return to Corfe Castle where she feigned her sorrow in tears over her brother's death. And yet at this she had her son tied to a pillar and flogged him with big rapers until he died and nearly died.

Elfrida managed to have her son crowned king, but just as the ceremony was concluded St. Dunstan appeared and pointing a bony finger at her exclaimed:

The curse of God is upon thee, wicked woman! For thy many foul crimes thou shalt know no peace in this world or the next. The castle that is thy home shall be accursed, and misfortune shall fall on all who dwell therein.

Blood shall flow where blood hath flowed, even when its walls are moss overgrown, the

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And Everywhere That Mary Goes the Villain Still Pursues Her

It's Not a Lamb That Follows the Shy Bride, but Probably a Black Sheep, Who Makes Her Travel Day and Night an Itinerary of Annoyances, for Wherever She Is or Whatever She Tries to Do, the Persistent Suitor Intrudes Upon Her With His Crazy Love and Hate Messages.

The Various Gentlemen Who Wooed Heiress Baker Always Waited Mournfully at the Altar, But Mystery Man "Alabama" Pursues Her on Land and Sea, Insisting One Day That He Loves Her (And Not Her Millions) and the Next Day Threatens to Sue Her—and Maybe Scotland Yard Will Help.

The Latest Portrait of Mary Landon Baker, the Shy Bride Who Is Virtually Having Her Heart Pocketed.

"There was I, waiting at the church,
Left in the lurch—Oh, how it did upset me."
—*Old American song.*

LONDON.

MISS MARY LANDON BAKER, Chicago heiress known as the "shy bride," is being "persecuted and pursued" because she is [illegible] with [illegible].

Mary is a sort of [illegible] who is said to keep [illegible] up to the [illegible] and yet [illegible] hopeful man leads her within [illegible] of the altar she shies at it like a horse [illegible] the traces and [illegible]. If Miss Baker were [illegible] there probably would not have been any great fuss about it, but unfortunately she is a long way from either. So when they propose, the men are all dead serious, and when she changes her mind, oh, how it does upset them.

But now, instead of just waiting mournfully at the church, they pursue and persecute her vindictively. Especially there is a horrid man who sometimes signs himself "Alabama," though she knows his name and address. Alabama alternates between writing her burning love letters, stating that he wants her for herself alone, and then, not receiving a reply, writes one demanding [illegible] heart balm. Instead of a lamb, he seems to be a sort of black sheep, pursuing poor Mary wherever she goes with telegrams and letters.

"For over eight years I have been persecuted by this man," she said the other day in her London apartment. "Apart from directing his epistles to my father, he had the effrontery to write to Queen Mary and many other well-known people, including Mary Garden, about me. He says he wants to marry me just for myself, and that he will not permit any other man in the world to do so. Then his next letter is a sheer demand for money with veiled threats attached.

"Yes, I know the man's identity quite well. The reason I will not divulge his name is that it will give him the publicity he is evidently seeking and it might encourage the other crazy fools.

"My father and my lawyers went after him and he promised faithfully to stop annoying me in the future, but now he has broken out again. He gets in touch with me by sending his communications in care of my bankers, and this time he is using the cable, demanding a million dollars. I won't pay him a cent, and if there is any more trouble I shall have to have my lawyers get in touch with Scotland Yard. English law takes this kind of nuisance very seriously.

"You promise not to divulge my address, won't you?" she asked her interviewer. "You see, I have to practically spend my life in hiding. As soon as my whereabouts become known, then the everlasting persecution begins again. The deluge of letters, some setting out to be love epistles, others frankly begging, still others just rude, abusive and insulting. Then I have to move again. It is all heartbreaking at times."

[illegible] a hard life being a beautiful heiress and remaining single to the age of almost [illegible] that think of a man so [illegible] as to ask a million from a poor little rich girl and then [illegible] the Queen and Mary Garden [illegible] for not paying him. Miss Baker, by the way, insists that she has always wanted to marry and have a large family. Her strange failure can hardly be blamed on the male sex, because she hasn't been exactly neglected. The reason she balks and runs away at sight of the church door, like a child brought to the dentist's office, is that at the last moment she is beset with fears that she isn't sufficiently in love to warrant going through with the undertaking.

Mary is quite right in thinking that revealing Mr. Alabama's real name would bring him great publicity. About 15 years ago when she leaped into fame as the shy bride, she won her first fame as the world's champion waiter at the church. She was a Chicago society [illegible] he was handsome Mr. Allister McCormick, of Chicago's socially [illegible] and they had been boy and girl sweethearts. Even the worst pessimists could pick no flaw in that match, which seemed surely to have been made in heaven if ever one was.

Most everyone of social importance was invited to the great wedding at the Fourth Presbyterian Church, and the mansion of the bride's father, Mr. Alfred Landon Baker, stockbroker, and Mrs. Baker, [illegible] up with a fortune in presents. The bridesmaids had a delightful time getting their costumes made for the occasion, and the newspapers prepared to cover the important event.

Then there was a slight shock when it was postponed a few days, but nobody worried. On the second date the church was packed and the street outside full of kibitzers.

Inside, everyone was present except the bride, and as the delay ran into almost an hour, signs of uneasiness appeared. Finally a man with a red but determined face shouldered his way up the aisle and whispered to the minister, whose countenance also became red. The hue spread over the entire bridal party as the Rev. Timothy Stone cleared his throat and announced that the ceremony had been postponed due to the indisposition of the bride.

It seems that Mary, in all her bridal finery, had been up to the church door, taken one look at the crowd, carpet, canopy, cops and everything, gasped and ordered the chauffeur to keep right on going back home, where she had hysterics for a couple of days. Nobody could understand just what had happened to her, but it was later diagnosed as "altarphobia," a rather rare condition in women.

Mortified and heartbroken, the jilted bridegroom sailed to Europe, but soon there was a ray of hope because the jilter followed not

Allister McCormick, Whom Miss Baker Jilted at the Altar Fifteen Years Ago and Whom She Still Regards Affectionately.

Count Bojidar Pouritch, the Former Yugoslavian Consul in Chicago, Now Happily Married, but Another on the List of Miss Baker's Jilted Suitors.

long after. [illegible]

Following four years of [illegible] announced that at last [illegible] wedding would [illegible] another engagement [illegible] time before [illegible] prince's [illegible].

At last [illegible]

Miss [illegible] Now it was Miss Baker's turn [illegible] enough that she [illegible] the other day Mary [illegible] Alabama [illegible]

[illegible] thought that the cause of all [illegible] of Miss Baker's shyness at the altar was a young English actor, Basil Bayley [illegible] of the occasion when Mr. McCormick [illegible] got her through a church [illegible] who sent her a telegram [illegible] made a final [illegible] of the Chicago [illegible]. Mr. Bayley [illegible] the telegram [illegible]

Now that the man who had gotten it [illegible] as Mary's little [illegible] was safely and happily married to someone [illegible] Mary was fair game for everyone, and others rushed in confidently expecting to win where Allister had failed. It must be that he was not the right type and probably he wasn't masterful enough. One after another, various experts tried various approved methods and glamours, all with the same tantalizing results. They seemed to win the wealthy beauty's heart only to find themselves parked on the church steps with everyone ready to put on the show except the one indispensable member of the cast, missing as usual.

Among those who had the misfortune of sinking in sight of port is said to have been [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Baker [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mary's [illegible]

[illegible] that there [illegible] contrary, Mary [illegible] Paris [illegible] Miss Baker [illegible] which she had [illegible] She thought it a [illegible] what bothered her most was the way the men were absolute bosses in their homes. She seemed to have dreaded being bossed even by a King in a Royal Palace. For this reason chiefly, it is said that the Royal deal was called off. When a King gets married all the monarchs and presidents in the world have to send handsome presents. It would hardly do to have to send them back and forth seven times as perhaps happened during Mr. McCormick's four year long siege.

Another candidate who seemed to have special advantage but couldn't quite make the grade was Count Bojidar Pouritch, who had met the heiress in Chicago and made considerable impression when he was the Jugoslavian Consul there. At that time he had to be somewhat discreet in his admiration because she was engaged to McCormick. Meeting her later in Europe without any such inhibitions, he is said to have courted the heiress only to suffer a series of eleventh hour disappointments. Like Allister, he was finally rescued from the cold church steps by a bride who knew her own mind. She was Mme. Dara Pachitch, daughter of a former Jugoslavian Premier.

Geoffrey Algernon Cunard, of the famous British steamship family, was also tried and found wanting—wanting to marry Mary, but left in the lurch, waiting at the church, sunk like the others.

Among the many hopefuls who couldn't quite entice the American girl through a cathedral door was Captain Ralph Peto, divorced husband of the Duchess of Rutland. There is no foundation for the rumor that after the divorce the Duchess dared him to try to marry Mary. It was entirely his own idea [illegible] and Mary [illegible] score.

After the [illegible] seat on the [illegible] a former [illegible] thought [illegible] was about time for another American to take a chance. He got as far as the others, but no farther.

For nearly a year after that, eligible men looked wistfully at tantalizing Mary, but prudently decided not to risk having their hearts trampled upon. Then came the Marquis of Carmarthen, son of the Duke of Leeds, to gaze upon tantalizing Mary through his monocle.

The Marquis, however, is a logical and thoughtful man. After considerable meditation it struck him that this peculiarity which made the lady so hard to land would be highly desirable after marriage for any husband lucky enough to capture her. He would be one of the few who would not have to be watching and worrying for fear someone else was stealing her. So the Marquis, one of the great catches of England, did his noblest, only to find himself among the waiters at the church, with nothing to show for his efforts except Tennyson's somewhat dubious assurance that

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

There have been many others mentioned among the suitors and losers, and right now she is said to be engaged to a Hungarian Count who fully believes that she is really to be his Countess. It is said that he has laid bets at odds of one to ten. But all that Mary says is that she is still waiting for the right man.

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"Every Woman Ought to Serve Some Time in Jail"

Says Lady Edmee Owen

The Pistol With Which Lady Owen Shot Madame Gastaud, Her Admirer's Wife, Although She Only Meant to Shoot Dr. Gastaud.

Lady Edmee Owen in a Charming and Fanciful Costume Like T

LADY EDMEE OWEN, spoiled darling of fashion, figured in the most sensational European criminal trial of 1910. She was then sentenced to five years in prison for shooting the wife of her admirer, Dr Gastaud. Today Lady Owen tells the thrilling story of her life in French prisons, which she says purified her soul.

Prison turned her mind to good works and also made her an artist, as the accompanying remarkable pictures show. There was much to overcome in her past career. She started her social life as the best dressed woman on the Riviera. Then she won a Paris beauty contest. She carried her devotion to fashion so far that she once dyed her hair blue to match her blue dress and her dyed blue dog.

She was presented at the British Court, where she met Sir Basil Zaharoff, man of mystery and millions. He admired her greatly but could not marry her, as he had a wife. Then she captivated the elderly British millionaire, Sir Theodore Owen, who married her. After years of happiness together, he died, leaving her $500,000. Her ardent temperament led her unfortunately to the arms of Dr. Paul Gastaud, brilliant physician and married.

Although a discharged prisoner, Lady Owen ranks as one of the most interesting women in Europe. The story of her triumphs, during and after prison, is unequaled. Captain Vernon M. Gill, high British officer at and Commissioner for British Honduras, that he proposed to her by mail from his tropical domain and was accepted. Now they are honeymooning, an interesting sequel to her assertion that prison was good for her.

By LADY EDMEE OWEN.

I REALLY believe it would be a fine idea if every woman of wealth and high social position was sent to jail for a good long term. It would do her a lot of good—as it has done me.

Maybe every woman ought to serve some time in jail—a little time.

It was a terrible experience, but before I left prison I had really found my soul. Before the tragedy that almost wrecked my life I had done a great deal of charitable work in the easy going way of many wealthy women. But I had no true understanding of the unspeakable misery existing among the poor, and especially among the women who are so cruelly treated in our French prisons.

My hard prison experience also made me an artist—quite a good one, several kind friends have told me. Certainly it enabled me to draw a number of pictures which I could not have drawn before I went to jail.

The subjects of these pictures appeared to me on the walls of my cell almost miraculously as I lay on my bed thinking of my miseries, of the mistakes I had committed and what I should do if I were free again. Before these visions faded away I transferred them to paper.

Most of the subjects were connected with my imprisonment or with the lives of my fellow-prisoners. I saw a brazen woman of the streets, her head strangely surmounted by a star, symbolizing that there was hope even for her.

When I was in solitary confinement, the very worst period of my imprisonment, I was terrified by a picture of the end of the world. During this period also I saw a strange and frightening apparition of a tomb—mine I was afraid.

Very naturally one vision was concerned with Sister Mary Agnes, a sweet nun who comforted me in my despair. On a gloomy day I saw a queer conception of the Biblical Flood, showing the last survivor with his dog. Strange to say, this survivor had the face of Sir Basil Zaharoff, an acquaintance of mine.

I think my most beautiful vision was a reflection of the Crucifix. It comforted me greatly.

Since my release I have sworn to devote my life to improving the condition of French women prisoners. I have already accomplished quite a lot. I have secured for them fair sanitary conveniences and food fit for human consumption. Now I never see the good food left carelessly by customers in restaurants without trying to persuade the proprietors to send it to the poor prisoners.

From what I have heard, America is in great need of the same reforms, for I read of the cruel jailers who recently sealed four poor prisoners to death in Pennsylvania.

I would not dare to describe in a magazine some of the wretched conditions to which women were subjected in the prisons where I was confined. There was no sewer connection inside the cells and sanitary conveniences were almost entirely lacking—a pail was all we had. The food was revolting, and the meat usually unfit for human consumption.

My conviction and prison sentence were the result of a misunderstanding and the vindictive conduct of a famous lawyer—the Public Prosecutor. My acts have been widely misrepresented, and still continue to be in some quarters. My neighbors and all who knew me well were convinced that I was substantially innocent, and when I was sentenced there were tremendous demonstrations in my favor in the court and in the street.

It sounds very wicked that a woman should shoot her admirer's wife, but it is strange how different the real facts may be from the apparent ones. And people should remember this in judging unhappy women prisoners.

I was the daughter of Commandant Nodot, a distinguished French army officer and a descendant of one of Napoleon's great generals. When I was a young girl I married Sir Theodore Charles Owen, K.B.E., Commissioner General of Ceylon, as his second wife. He had made millions in tea and rubber plantations in India and the East and was knighted for his services to his country. Also he was the father of Reginald Owen, the first husband of Ruth Bryan.

When I married Sir Theodore he had retired. I was young enough to be his daughter, and for eleven years we lived together in perfect happiness. The main object of his life was to shower luxuries on his adored young wife and make her happy. He gave me all the jewels, dresses, furs I could wish—in fact everything that could make a woman materially happy. He had me presented to King George and Queen Mary at the English Court. Our time was divided between English and French society. He was a devoted husband, and I was quite happy in my married life. Then he died and I was left a widow.

The End of the World. Lady Owen Says as It Was Revealed to Her in Prison and Then Painted by Her on Prison Paper Like Her Other Visions. Reproduced Here

A young widow, deprived of her rich and adoring husband, I was sick and miserable for several years. Then I met Dr. Gastaud, a handsome and brilliant young Parisian surgeon and radiologist who had made unusually rapid success in his profession. He had a fine home at Mareuil-Marly and a hospital in Paris. He treated me first as a patient and did me a great deal of good. And then he made love to me.

I admit that I am emotional and temperamental to an extraordinary degree. A distracted and bereaved widow, I naturally fell under the influence of this handsome and talented young man who showed me how to shake off the burden of my grief. He was living unhappily with his wife, and I was not wronging her when I accepted his attentions. I knew that she was not jealous of me.

For a time I found great happiness with Dr. Gastaud. I became strongly attached to him and could not bear to have him out of my sight. I expected to marry him. Then he grew tired of me. He found my love too exacting.

It was on the anniversary of our first kiss that he told me our love must end—that I might come to his hospital as a friend and patient, but that was all. He was cold and cruel. To a friend of ours he said:

"In her arms I am a lost man."

To a woman of my temperament it is death to be robbed of affection.

I became insane with disappointment and the wreck of my hopes. For eight days I went without eating or sleeping. Then in a mistaken effort to make me forget my troubles, a friend gave me a bottle of pre-war absinthe which I consumed in two days. This drink in excessive quantities is a dangerous poison to brain and nerves.

In this desperate condition I formed a mad resolve to beg Dr. Gastaud to be kind to me or I would shoot him. For a time he tried to avoid me. When I insisted he sent word by telephone that he would see me at a certain time.

My maid gave me the message that he would see me at his house at Mareuil-Marly. That was a mistake and was the real reason why I went to prison. A French jury would never have convicted me for shooting a man who had treated me as he had. Dr. Gastaud really sent word that he would see me at his hospital in Paris, but the maid gave me the wrong message.

Hardly knowing what I was doing, I went to the house with a pistol. I felt as if I were walking on cotton wool and had done so for two days. I was received by Mme. Gastaud, the only person in the house. I hardly knew her. All I saw was a [illegible] and I [illegible] Suddenly [illegible] what I was doing. I began firing at her. I shot and shot. My father was the best [illegible] and best shot in France and taught me how to shoot. I can only think of [illegible] explanation why I did not kill her. There was a big [illegible] of the Blessed Virgin over the door of the room. The Virgin has always been my protector. I believe it was her influence that saved Mme. Gastaud's life and saved me from being a slayer. Fortunately the five bullets struck her at a slant and passed only the least little bit under her skin.

It was only when I found myself in a cell at the police station that I began to feel the awful horror of my position. I, Lady Owen, widow of a titled and highly placed Englishman, possessor of historical jewels, one of the best customers of the Rue de la Paix dressmakers, found myself in a vile-smelling police cell along with homeless vagrants and women of the streets. The terrible smell that assailed my nose made me call for a whiff of my favorite perfume—Tiger's Blood.

I shuddered with terror when I saw the dirty bare floor of the cell. Then a gendarme, with remarkable chivalry, even surpassing that of Sir Walter Raleigh with Queen Elizabeth, spread his tunic on the dirty floor that I might not soil my feet. I gasped, "Please send at once for my butler and my maid!"

The good gendarme hesitated and answered: "Pardon, Lady Owen, you may see your maid but not your butler."

After my maid arrived she was allowed to spend the night with me in my cell.

There followed my examination before the Police Magistrate. The courtroom was full of people of the neighborhood who knew me and loved me on account of the child welfare work I had done. Many of my best friends were also gathered there to cheer me up. The magistrate was surprised at their appearance and exclaimed:

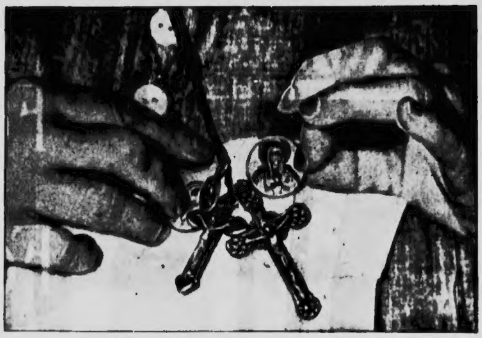
"Why this bevy of beauties? This is not a first night."

After this ordeal I was committed to the prison of Versailles to await trial. There I began to experience some of the real hardships of prison life, as Versailles is one of the oldest prisons in France and particularly dirty and unsanitary. But I did

"The Last Survivor of the Deluge With His Dog." Another Strange Owen Vision. The Survivor Has the Face of Her Friend, the Late Sir Basil Zaharoff, "Mystery Man of Europe."

...hat of a Bride

"A Fallen Woman With a Star Above Her Head," Symbolizing the Idea That There Is Always Hope for Her—Another Vision That Appeared to Lady Owen in Prison.



The Shoe-lace With the Medallion and Crucifix of the Ill-Fated Spy, Mata Hari, Which Lady Owen Wore in Prison in Place of Her Own Beautiful Jewels.

Lady Owen in Prison Uniform Pleated and Rearranged by Her to Make Herself Attractive Even Though in Jail.

The Once Frivolous Noblewoman Describes Her Harrowing Experiences in Four Unpleasant French Prisons for Impulsively Shooting an Admirer's Wife, but Explains That Her Ordeals Developed Her Artistic Genius and Purified Her Soul

Sister Mary Agnes, the Sweet-Faced Nun Who Comforted Lady Owen in Prison—Drawn by Lady Owen.

not yet know the full misery of prison life, because as a person awaiting trial I was entitled to buy good food outside. There were fifteen persons awaiting trial there at the time and I was glad of the opportunity to feed them all with meals from the best restaurant in Versailles, the Brasserie Mueller that has existed since the Revolution. These poor people had the time of their lives.

I spent six months in the Versailles Prison awaiting trial—a person who had presumably committed no crime, subjected to many cruel hardships. Never shall I forget the awful smell that pervaded my cell at this place. It arose from the fact that the women in my section were employed making little fans which they pasted together with rotten fish glue.

I wrote to the British Consul complaining of the outrageous lack of sanitary conveniences in the prison and of the indignity to which the widow of a distinguished British knight was subjected. As a prisoner I had a right to write to the higher authorities, and as a British subject I had a right to communicate with the Consul. But the magistrate intercepted my letter, as happened to me again and again in prison. I learned what he had done and loudly demanded my rights. After that my letter was forwarded. As a result, sanitary conveniences were introduced after about a year into this and other French prisons.

Much cruelty of a more barbarous and violent kind than I have yet described was committed in the prisons where I was held. The head keeper at Versailles was a very cruel man with a talent for inflicting ingenious punishments. Several times I heard screams coming from the men's quarters. I learned afterwards that two keepers were twisting the arms of an imprisoned photographer under the direction of the head keeper.

They put a woman in a strait-jacket for ten days for complaining that the bread was rotten, as it was. At Haguenau Prison, where I was confined later, I was threatened with a straitjacket. A French straitjacket is so tight you can't stand up in it. Soon after a prisoner is put into it she falls to the floor. Two hours a day is all she can stand of this punishment without going completely mad and dying. At Haguenau there were six inches of water on the floor and therefore to be put in a straitjacket meant to be almost drowned.

While I was at Versailles a remarkable attempt to rescue me was made and almost succeeded. It was the work of a young English millionaire and noted sportsman. He was not a suitor of mine, as some persons have said, but was inspired merely by a chivalrous belief that I was really innocent. Several other men joined with him for the same reason.

The conspirators first purchased the assistance of one of the higher keepers of the prison named Magnes who, of course, had access to the women's section. It happened that this functionary was in love with a pretty female warder and was eager to escape from the exacting routine of prison duty and enjoy a life of luxury and idleness with his sweetheart on the Riviera.

With the aid of Magnes it was planned to call most of the guards away from my part of the jail, break in, take me from my cell, put me on a fast motor car and carry me to the coast, where the young millionaire's yacht was in waiting. Once out of French territory I would have been free from further prosecution.

The chief keeper planned to have a fire alarm sounded at midnight which summoned all but one attendant from the section where my cell was situated. It was so arranged that this attendant was the chief keeper's sweetheart. The sounding of the fire alarm was also to be the signal to the conspirators outside the walls to be ready to receive me. The great iron doors were to be unlocked and the keeper's sweetheart would open my cell and guide me through the outside door where the big car was to be waiting.

But a complication occurred of which the plotters could never have dreamed to upset their plans. The authorities, without knowing anything of the rescue plot, became suspicious of the way the head keeper was keeping his accounts and ordered an investigation. On the very day the rescue was to be attempted the investigation began and Magnes, the head keeper, realized he was sure to be ruined and sent to prison.

During the evening he thought in agony of his approaching ruin, and at midnight, at the very moment when I was to be rescued, just when everything was ready to click, the man who was indispensable to its success, blew out his brains.

Those in the plot were left literally groping in the dark. A closer watch was kept on me and my hope of rescue came to an end.

At last the time for my trial came. It was truly an astonishing affair. The streets of Versailles were crowded with people and all of them were cheering for me. Everything seemed favorable to my acquittal. Judge Barnaud behaved in a kindly manner to me. The jury, who knew my reputation for charity, were well disposed towards me.

My conviction was due to the heartless animosity of one lawyer, M. Campinchi, the Public Prosecutor, who was lately Minister of Marine in the French Government. He lost no opportunity to direct bitter and unfair insinuations against me. At one point he exclaimed with brutal humor:

"This is Lady Owen, who once wore a court costume when she was presented to the Queen of England. Soon she will be wearing another kind of court costume."

"This is the golden head that earned wealth in the alcove," said the unchivalrous Campinchi, at another point. This improper and untrue insinuation was too much for me to stand, and I retorted:

"Yes, in the alcove of marriage."

"Accused woman, be silent!" said Campinchi.

"She has a right to say that," interrupted the Judge. "You must not make such insinuations."

The jury were led astray by Campinchi's torrent of artful and untruthful insinuations. They found me guilty and sentenced me to five years of solitary confinement. In France, the jury fixes the sentence in such cases.

So I went back to Versailles Prison as a real convict for a time. Then I was transferred to the terrible old St. Lazare Prison in Paris, where the most notorious women in French history have been confined, down to the spies arrested in the World War. St. Lazare is a huge gray building which seemed to whisper words of terror as I approached it. At this time I wore a gown that was the latest Parisian model.

A little consolation in my terrified and heart-broken state came to me as I was borne into St. Lazare Prison. The first person to greet me was gentle Sister Leonide, one of the best women I ever met—a true saint. She was then 80 years old and had been in the prison service at St. Lazare since she was 18.

I was given cell No. 13—the terror of other prisoners. But 13 is my lucky number, for what brings misfortune to others is always lucky for me. I had a cellmate, a cheery old woman who was noted as a skillful pickpocket. With great good nature she immediately endeavored to teach me how to pick pockets efficiently, how to open windows with a key from a sardine can, and also how to pick a lock with it.

My cell, No. 13, was known as the "Cell of Horrors," because it had lodged some of the most dangerous criminals in French police annals. It was in this cell that the famous spy Mata Hari spent her last night before execution. I believe that the spirit of the tragic spy visited me in my dreams at night.

It was from Sister Leonide that I heard some unfamiliar facts about Mata Hari. Her gentle eyes filled with tears as she told me of her last days with the unfortunate spy. Most fair-minded French people now feel that Mata Hari was less guilty than the Frenchmen who used her as a tool, made a great deal of money through her, and escaped punishment.

I used to kneel at Sister Leonide's feet and she would hold my hand and try to soothe me. One day she told me how she accompanied Mata Hari to her execution and said:

"Now I am going to make you a present that I want you to keep always with you. Carry it over your heart and it will protect you and remind you of God."

She took from her prayer book a small medal of the Virgin Mary and handed it to me, saying: "This is the medal that Mata Hari kissed just before she died."

Sister Leonide then explained that Mata Hari had expressed a wish to become a Catholic. As there was no priest at the prison the sister received her into the church. She blessed the little medal and handed it to Mata Hari, telling her to kiss it and pray. Then she told her she was a Catholic.

Soon after my sentence I began to suffer prison hardships at their worst. No longer was I allowed to buy food outside. It is true that as a convict I had the privilege of buying food from the prison kitchen if I earned enough by work to pay for it. The Republic allowed me every day a cup of discolored water called coffee, a bowl of vegetable soup such as I wouldn't dream of offering to my dog, and a hunk of sour bread. Twice a week—on Thursday and Sunday—I had a piece of meat the size of my little finger. It was strange stuff, composed of various meats and colored like a rainbow from decomposition. It smelt to heaven, which was remarkable considering its small size.

I was permitted to devote 12 cents a day of all I earned to buying food. With this I could purchase a portion of cold potatoes, a box of sardines, a portion of strong smelling Munster cheese, two dabs of butter in dirty paper bags and two spoonfuls of chocolate. Nothing was good. When I received my portion of rotten boiled potatoes my mind went back to the banquet at the gay Hotel Carlton in Paris ten years before when I was served with an "omelette surprise" containing a $5,000 ring presented by Joseph Benson, the nitrate

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

For Richer — or For Poorer?

by Thomas Strabel

Steve Tossed the Astonished Beverley Over His Shoulder Like a Sack of Potatoes. "Be still," He Warned, "or I'll spank you." "Let her down, Steve," Said Leta.

And now go on with the story

ATTRACTIVE and charming Leta Evans felt as though she had been transplanted into fairyland when she quit her job as salesgirl in a smart Miami shop to be one typical secretary to Helen Parker of the rich winter colony.

Deeply in love with Phil Robbins, Leta had come South with him and his pal, Steve McAllister, hoping to help Phil carve a career so they could be married. On the way they met Alan Parker, good-looking and wealthy and Leta told him all about her plans. Later he saw her in Miami and took her to dinner only to spoil her marvelous evening by telling her he was married.

Phil had a job as hotel clerk and Steve played his saxophone in a band. They all worked hard and could not help comparing their meagre existence with the lavish display of luxury by the fast living winter set all about them.

Phil met Vera Strercher, a rich divorcee who flaunted her wealth and to Leta's dismay he grumbled about his job and insisted that money was all that mattered. She tried to argue him into her own straightforward way of looking at life but his attitude gave her many unhappy moments.

Then Alan urged her to go to a race. "I may not be very bright," she told him, "but I do know better than to have around with a married man." In answer Alan took her to his luxurious home and introduced her to Helen, his wife, who greeted her cordially and a little later offered her a post as her secretary.

Leta had misgivings about accepting in view of Alan's admiration for her but he was away much of the time and she thought it would be easy to avoid him. As she settled down in the sumptuous home she was increasingly puzzled by the coolness between Alan and his beautiful wife. She couldn't understand it.

She went to the races with Phil as Vera Strercher's guest. Vera won a large sum and insisted on sharing it with Phil. Leta rebuked him later for accepting Vera's money and he resented it. After bitter words she went home in tears.

She had another shock when Dotty, Steve's wife, dived off a yacht during a gay party and was drowned. Beverley, Alan's sister, and Leta did their best to show their sympathy for Steve while ready to look Phil and Leta [illegible] having

It was a strange new life that Leta entered upon now. She was a simple little black [illegible] in her shearing [illegible] and she learned to smile and say "thank you" with a mechanical spirtelessness when coins clinked on her counter. She learned to sleep until noon with a dark shield over her eyes. She learned, through Steve, to know a whole new group of people who worked at night—a couple of girls from the floor show at a night club, some musicians from the orchestra at the Biscayne Kennels, who played for the night racing, a night clerk or two from the hotels, a pair of acrobatic dancers. They formed a world of their own breakfasting together in the early afternoon, then lounging on the beach or going to the horse races together.

It was a better life Leta thought than you had by working days. But, perhaps because it was topsy-turvy, it was a gypsyish one. None of them seemed to have any roots, any homes. At the end of the season they'd manage to live precariously until time to migrate to summer resort jobs in Maine, Michigan, Canada. They were all inveterate gamblers on the horses, the dogs, roulette, when they could find it. They were always [illegible]

[illegible] Steve [illegible] Leta [illegible] Orleans [illegible] Phil [illegible] Vera [illegible] Miami [illegible] Helen [illegible] Alan [illegible] Kennels [illegible] Steve [illegible] Leta [illegible] Steve [illegible] Leta [illegible] Steve [illegible] Leta

(Continued from Preceding Page)

magnanimous tip on the races. She ate hamburgers with gusto, engaged in a violent argument about swing music and various bands and invited everybody to a party, "Just name the afternoon!"

"Not me," said Leta a little grimly.

"Oh," said Beverley casually, "I'm not living at the house I'm at the Pan Plaza—to be near Alan."

"Near Alan!" echoed Leta.

"Yes." Beverley carefully spread more mustard on her hamburger. "He's living there while he's closing up the house and attending to things. He wants to sell it. He's sent Helen to Reno, you know. Complete with cash."

Leta was aware that Steve's fork had stopped in mid-air. She heard the hissing of the steam in the coffee pot, the counterman slapping over a hamburger, one of the musicians stirring a spoon against cream. Dull explosive sounds they seemed in that sudden stoppage of her own heart, that cessation of breathing and thinking and feeling.

[illegible] way she heard Steve's voice. "So your brother sent you around to break the news to us, did he?"

Beverley's eye flashed. He did not like Steve's cheek of being such a thing."

[illegible] passed. Leta asked [illegible] the sugar and she [illegible] at the asked how [illegible] Steve knew that Steves eyes were [illegible] she wanted to reach over [illegible] Pete all right, Steve? [illegible] anything to me. It was [illegible] all.

[illegible] up. They [illegible] certainly a [illegible] car. "I [illegible] Steve Beverley," but as we [illegible] the tracks [illegible] we've had a [illegible] Steve's [illegible] visit."

[illegible] Beverley [illegible] I was a bee [illegible] Beverley [illegible] little [illegible] Leta [illegible] ing [illegible] tested [illegible] Steve [illegible] sere [illegible] si [illegible] Steve [illegible] ge [illegible] garter [illegible] Leta [illegible] paying for [illegible] room.

The younger girl sat on the bed in tattered blue pajamas with a tag [illegible] embroidered on the pocket. [illegible] she wanted badly to talk. Everything was so wretched, she said. She wasn't seeing anybody much, because the people she knew down here were Helen's friends and that made it awkward. She hadn't seen anything of Helen, really, until this winter, having been away at school. She had liked her sister-in-law a lot at first—didn't everybody?—and then it had begun to wear off. Just little things.

She was unhappy about her brother, Beverley rambled on. It was awful for him to have become tangled up in such a mess. But he'd been romantic and Helen was lovely to look at. Then there'd been his mother, too—practically cramming Helen down his throat and convincing him he was in love. For while Helen had no money, she had aunts that were Old Philadelphia and important socially to the Senior Mrs. Parker. Their mother was clever and dominating, and Alan thought such a lot of her—then Helen was a natural born sponge and she hated not having money. Beverley explained bitterly. "She was in love with a musician, but she deliberately plumed to marry Alan and then divorce him getting a fat settlement. He discovered that accidentally in a letter when they'd been married a year and weren't getting on any way."

Beverley sighed. "Alan didn't like being played for a fool and so he wouldn't let her get a divorce unless she agreed not to ask for money. He kept seeing her often enough so she couldn't claim desertion. It maddened her. But it didn't help things to hurry."

Beverley pressed her troubled face against the cool headboard of the bed. Leta was touched by her concern and tenderness and [illegible] self-[illegible] toward her. However and [illegible] mother might be, there was nothing [illegible] the social climber about the daughter. Beverley was genuinely democratic and unspoiled.

In Her New Job As Hat Check Girl Leta Found One Man Particularly Obnoxious Whenever She Took His Hat He Grabbed Her Wrist and There Was a Brief Scuffle.

AT LAST they got [illegible] Then [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"I Serve Time in a French Prison"

(Continued from Double Page)

[illegible] of His Majesty's Theatre [illegible] and half a dozen others. It was a birthday present to me.

I was disgusted when I found that the Ritz-Cecil was [illegible] four pounds for [illegible] As to [illegible] I shall never forget [illegible] They were [illegible] among [illegible] to be sold [illegible] I grouped [illegible] fish [illegible] out of work [illegible]

> It was startling to find that the murder cases were not the worst of the women in prison. Many of them had killed because they had warm hearts.
>
> LADY EDMED OWEN

[illegible] know that [illegible] getting [illegible] into trouble [illegible] set in bad French.

I denied with all my might that I had anything to do with this matter.

Then tell me who is the woman [illegible] for keys or I will put you [illegible] times."

I refused to [illegible] I assured you have no right to make me your spy.

When he threatened me with [illegible] punishment [illegible] I was [illegible] to prison. I have always had misfortune when I was without this necklace. They passed once more out of my possession in 1940. A man friend poured into my ear a pitiful tale of poverty and hard luck that touched my heart. The only way I could help him was to pawn the necklace for $40,000 and give him the money.

I have not recovered them since then but I know where they are. I cannot at present pay the cost of recovering them, $70,000 with accumulated interest. But I expect to have them, before long, and will never part with the necklace.

From Fresnes I was [illegible] Haguenau [illegible] Alsace [illegible] Bruyères [illegible] Vosges. [illegible]

Lady Edmed Feels Palmer Cruel as She Watched This Scene in an Apache Dive That She Would One Day Be to Prison With Women of the Underworld

[illegible] Mother Superior [illegible] to intercede for me, but the Governor ordered her brutally:

"Take her to solitary confinement!" he yelled.

I walked with head erect to the solitary confinement quarter. My favourite old nun went on her knees and implored me to ask pardon of the governor for my rudeness or else I would be put in the "punishment cell," the most dreaded place in the prison.

I did not ask for pardon as the nun [illegible] But [illegible] the only thing [illegible] Mother Superior tried to intercede for me, but the Governor ordered her brutally.

"Take her to solitary confinement!" he yelled.

I walked with head erect to the solitary confinement quarter. My favourite old nun went on her knees and implored me to ask pardon of the governor for my rudeness or else I would be put in the "punishment cell," the most dreaded place in the prison.

I did not ask for pardon as the nun

(Continued on Page 15)

[illegible] I was [illegible] But she [illegible]

No, I can't refer to [illegible] as you [illegible] described it.

[illegible] my women friends was the so-called 'fishwoman,' who had scales [illegible] her arms like a fish. She stoned [illegible] that the other women threatened to beat her up and would have done her serious injury. I saved her by tying a string around her wrist which I pulled whenever she started to snore.

From St. Lazare I was taken to Fresnes Prison near Paris, one of the four prisons occupied. It was here that I was filled with my first prison uniform. You can hardly imagine the shock this gave to a woman accustomed to the daintiest confections of the Rue de la Paix and the most costly [illegible] I shall never forget [illegible] I grouped [illegible] fish [illegible] out of work [illegible] They were [illegible] among [illegible] to be sold [illegible] As to [illegible] I expect to have them, before long, and will never part with the necklace.

From Fresnes I was [illegible] Haguenau [illegible] Alsace [illegible] Bruyères [illegible] Vosges. [illegible]

For Richer— or For Poorer?

(Continued from Page 11)

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

GOING IN FOR EGGS IN A BIG WAY

The Photograph at the Top of the Page Shows a Breakfast at Which Ostrich Eggs Are the Main Dish. The Young Woman Had Her Egg Whipped Up in an Oversize Omelet but the Man Is Taking His "Straight" with an Extra Egg on the Side.

H

The h
old days
on her S
business
Now and again h
a breakfast of the big e

Serve Smart Holiday Suppers

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SKATING parties, skiing excursions or just the familiar but popular social gathering all must be served smartly. Each and every one of these holiday activities (and one may also include music, opera, concert and soiree) demand attendance from Christmas through New Year's; reaches full height only when Supper is served.

For, no matter what the nature of the holiday festivity, it calls for a generous supply of real food as a climax. Appetites are sharpened whether the entertainment takes place outdoors or in, the hostess may be sure that her guests will vote her thanks after sports-supper or informal dance, if she regales them with a delightful and delicate home supper.

Suppers are smart, and may also be simple. Indeed, the more simple but substantial they are, without frills and fuss for the maid, the more they will prove an undoubted success. This is particularly true if men are in the majority, especially young men to whom supper means real food. Many [illegible] business should realize this fact and not fear to ca[illegible] a single [illegible] handed. If need be, a [illegible] party, even of [illegible] a night. Canned meats, [illegible] specially prepared [illegible] are what [illegible] The [illegible] M[illegible] H[illegible]

This Old Engraving of a Twelfth Night Family Dinner in England Shows That the Custom of Eating Hearty Meals During the Holiday Season Is Both Old and Popular.

SKATING PARTY SUPPER

[illegible]
Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream
Assorted Cookies
Coffee

SKATING or AFTER OPERA PARTY SUPPER

[illegible]
Hot Pancakes, Buttered Syrup
Assorted Cookies
Coffee

The Hot Dish of the [illegible] supper may [illegible] ever-used but always a welcome [illegible] as that is of a well [illegible] dish, the crisp substitute relishes the frills of the [illegible] and make the Hot Dish a creamed casserole or similar mixture with ingredients varying from the more inexpensive to elaborate and more costly, but still held in the pattern of true Hot Dish. Here are two examples of this:

SMART SUPPER No. 1
(Informal, Inexpensive)
Hamburger Boston Pie
Sweet Gherkins Fried Onion Rings
Gingerbread, Cream Cheese Frosting
Coffee

SMART SUPPER No. 2
(Formal, Expensive)
Oyster Patties, Curried
Pickled Pears Chutney Relish
Pineapple Bavarian Bombe Vanilla Wafers
Light Chablis Type Wine Coffee

Other smart suppers may take their keynote from such foreign but now popular specialties as Spaghetti, Mexican Chili or Indian Curry. Each of these dishes is top-as a supper dish because all ingredients are well blended, easy to serve and offer a good tasty sauce which can go far to render zestful such economical foods as spaghetti, beans and rice all grand dishes with which to fill up the crowd. They are all excellent help-yourself dishes too, for everyone likes to serve himself or let herself be waited on by other guests rather than put the host and hostess to the work of individually serving so many persons. For the younger sets these specialties cannot be bettered (and they can be made hours ahead, kept warm, and served hot in electric casserole or chafing-dish).

SMART SUPPER No. 3
(Informal, Inexpensive)
Assorted Antipasto
(Ripe Olives, Thin Salami Slices, Sardines)
Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce, Sliced Tongue
Stewed Pears or Biscuit Tortoni in Paper Cups
Red Chianti Wine Coffee

SMART SUPPER No. 4
(Oriental, Informal, Expensive)
Indian Condiments
(Preserved Ginger, Chutney, Coconut)
Lobster Curry, Steamed Rice
Sesame and Almond Cakes
Armenian Sliced Honey Nougat
Turkish Coffee

For some men, no supper quite comes up to that always satisfying specialty, the rarebit or cheese dish, flavored by beer and tasty pickles and other tart relishes. Many are the variations of this popularly named Welsh Mystery, which can be put advantageously to many uses in a modern electrical version of the old-fashioned chafing dish. The rarebit must always be served over hot water, so that it will not [illegible] Made in one of the new [illegible] rarebits [illegible] Here is one [illegible]

SMART SUPPER No. 5

[illegible]

DO'S AND DON'TS FOR 1939

By Mrs. Christine Frederick

Do Consider Yourself a Family Purchasing Agent!

Shop efficiently by using advantage of the most seasonable, better foodstuff and most economical [illegible] Base shopping across planning weekly in advance, not only on seasonability but on a nice balance between health values and eye appeal.

Don't Let Your Family Get Stodgy in Its Eating Habits!

Because they have always eaten cabbages in one season and beets they should not taste-bruise. And because your husband likes steak is no reason he cannot become fond of stew, if you make it right. White sauce is good, but Hollandaise sauce may be just as good. Broil a grapefruit for breakfast and for dinner vary progressive. In short, follow the rule that variety is the spice of menus as it is of life.

Do Run Your Home on an Efficient System!

Plan your work then work your plan! The home is YOUR office, YOUR factory, YOUR store. Organize its work with whatever techniques will enable you to save needless time, steps and useless repetition of every sort, whether the work be cooking, cleaning or care of children. Be a BIG BOSS, or at least a foreman!

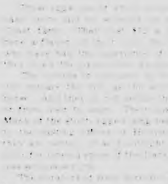
Don't Make Your Salad Into a Doll Hat!

Ostrich feathers and sequins are all right on milliners and frocks. But don't attempt to make alpine feathers out of the asparagus and evening fans out of the endive when you arrange your salad plates. Dressmaking details don't belong in the salad course.

Almanack Echoes

Dutch Pastry Letter—It's an Old New Year's Custom

"I WONDER how to cook a recipe that really has quite a history. When I was a little girl of nine in Holland, Netherlands, my parents decided to come to America. After we were here awhile mother yearned for some of her Dutch pastries, so she wrote to our baker in Holland for the recipe of a certain Dutch Pastry Letter. He was kind enough to send it and several other fine old recipes to us.



CRUST

1 ½ cups flour
½ lb butter
(1 cup)
(Enough water to make it hold together)

FILLING

2½ cups almonds
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon almond extract
1 cup sugar
1 egg white

Mix crust as for pie crust. Put aside and blanch almonds, then put through food chopper quite fine, add the rest of the ingredients. Then roll out ½ of the dough after a cloth has been placed to bake with. Then put half of the filling in the middle of the pastry and fold over ends, to cover a whole layer with a three-quarter inch frame.

Make a lattice work of the rest of the dough and put on top. Brush over with egg yolk mixed with 1 tablespoon of water. Bake in hot oven for [illegible] minutes and then reduce to moderate oven about 10 minutes.

Mrs. L. der Dulk,
Omaha, Neb.

And did you know Mrs. Van Dyke that when a pastry letter is sent to a friend it is the custom to send the initial of your pastries made in the shape of the letter. For example, if you were to send this pastry according to custom you would send the initial "L" for "Letter" and the initial "D" for "Dutch pastry letter." The letter?

NOW THEY LAUGH

"I'VE been married twenty-seven years but still remember some of the funny things that happened when my husband was teaching me to cook.

"One morning my husband loaned a large ham and said to me: 'Cook that ham with the pound of green beans you have and they'll taste good.' Being eager to please him, I pitched in as soon as he left for work, and I threw the ham bone out to the chickens and put the ham and beans on to cook in my dish-pan.

"I worked hard all day and by suppertime I was hot and tired, but had no misgivings, as I set the table with the ham and beans in the place of honor.

"My husband took one look at them and began to laugh. Later, between laughter, he gasped out: 'Bess, you are [illegible] you should have [illegible] a whole ham with a three-quarter inch frame.

He couldn't stop laughing, which made me very hurt that time. I'm afraid he knows what the neighbors thought. My husband had to do his own supper that night, but we've had many laughs about it since.

Mrs. Mabel Leary,
Fort Arthur, Texas.

Many [illegible] cooks have had experiences which [illegible] to laugh about. Let's hear from some more! The best [illegible] each month will receive a prize of [illegible] Address your letters to Mary Lee Swann, Editor, Almanack Echoes, The American Weekly, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. All letters will be published unless you request otherwise.

LEMON BUTTER

THESE cool mornings the family will be delighted with this hot toast and watch how rapidly it disappears.

Juice of 2 lemons
3 whole eggs
Butter, size of half an egg
Beat well together, add juice and grated rind of 1 lemon (large).

Cook in double boiler until thick. This may be made up in quantity and kept for a long time in bottles or jars and used for filling for cakes or tarts.

Mrs. Lingenfelter,
6601 Stanbaugh Ave.,
Sharon, Pa.

(Mrs. Lingenfelter your lemon butter is a recipe for which I have been searching for many years. It is the easiest and nicest lemon filling I have ever seen.—Mary Lee Swann.)

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The Keynote of its Success is NEIGHBORLINESS

HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

"A Splendid, Praiseworthy Achievement," Is a Reader's Comment in Writing About This Unusual Feature!

MANY letters [illegible] public paeans of praise [illegible] have come in since "The Housewife's Food Almanack" became one of the features in *The American Weekly*. It appears regularly on the second from the last page of this and other issues. Its friendly, wholesome spirit has won an enthusiastic response among this magazine's millions of readers—from coast to coast.

A Woman's Definition

The idea behind "The Housewife's Food Almanack" is clearly expressed in a recent letter from a resident of San Francisco, commending the feature. "The keynote of its success," she writes, "is neighborliness. I have been able to open the kitchen door of a little cottage in the Southland and smell the tantalizing aroma of freshly cooked hot-breads, baked ham and honey and molasses cakes. I have been warmed at the open fire within a northern farmhouse, watched the chestnuts roasting in the embers, tasted spicy cranberry preserves, hot ginger bread and tiny, fluffy biscuits. I have stepped into a mountain homestead to partake of the cheerful hospitality of a delightful old kitchen, where a roast of beef has been carefully baked in a Dutch oven and served with a delicious gravy seasoned with herbs and spices to tempt the most exacting epicure.

A Real Privilege!

"From north to south, east to west, I have traveled across the page of 'The Housewife's Food Almanack.' I have met trained culinary experts, competent housewives, conscientious mothers of large and small families — and I have shared their secrets! But more than that, I have met neighbors and friends. I have met American women in the Kingdom of their Homes. *That* is a real privilege!"

Why not share the privilege this enthusiastic reader enjoys? Look for "The Housewife's Food Almanack" in *The American Weekly* every week!

Read "The Housewife's Food Almanack" *Regularly* in every issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

America's most interesting Weekly Magazine

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY — HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Greatest Circulation in the World

DIET HOROSCOPE FOR PEOPLE BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF CAPRICORN

By DR. CLAIRE CHRISTIE DONAHUE

PEOPLE born from December 23 to January 21, or those who have Capricorn rising at birth, come under the influence of the Zodiacal sign Capricorn.

Capricorn rules the knees, bones and tissues and sympathetically the head, stomach and kidneys.

One often finds persons under this sign retaining strong clear vision and hearing [illegible] to advanced years, these senses never seeming to fail.

Indigestion and its frequently attendant melancholia often prevail among the natives of this sign, not because of nervousness but because they are so determined to achieve brilliantly whatever they undertake that they suffer the results of overwork. Among their best qualities are hope, cheerful sanity, a high philosophy and a fair amount of physical courage. Their characteristic moodiness and despondency may be dispelled by a change of scenery.

They often lack judgment of their powers of [illegible] and they need to be taught [illegible] in eating. [illegible] people who can [illegible] their way through the most [illegible] obstacles [illegible] are content with almost anything [illegible] put before them [illegible] as it is good, substantial food.

Saturn rules Capricorn and Saturn is a planet of restriction and contraction. Because of this influence they must be able to say "Get thee behind me Satan!" to biscuits, pastry and the like. They can stand heating foods better than the natives of any other sign.

Foods such as apples, the "King of Fruits," raw cabbage, spinach, asparagus, avocados, blackberries, fresh pineapple, quince, tomatoes, celery, cranberries, watercress, cucumbers, elderberries and fennel are useful in keeping down any overweight. [illegible] apples, pears, oranges, grapefruit, strawberries, tamarinds, tomatoes, watercress, endive, grapes, figs, cherries, currants, apricots, peaches, nectarines, artichokes, avocados rank high both as natural laxatives and useful foods. [illegible] bananas and baked [illegible] potatoes should take the place of [illegible] bread used in the daily [illegible] but these vegetables will be found helpful.

[illegible] it would be helpful to [illegible] these natives' meals with light, pleasant conversation with their loved ones. Better a few lines on the face induced by laughter than [illegible] wrinkles so often found on the faces of this [illegible] sign.

In many parts of the world the ancient New Year's custom of opening the doors a few minutes before midnight [illegible] to let the old year out still prevails.

New Year's Day Menu for the Capricorn

BREAKFAST

8 Ounces Orange Juice
Cooked Oatmeal with Top Milk and Honey
Fresh Baked Pears
Cup of Hot Water Flavored with Mint Leaves

DINNER

Fruit Cocktail — Celery — Ripe Olives
Roast Stuffed Goose or Duck — Apple Sauce
Stuffed Baked Potatoes — Buttered Broccoli — Steamed Onions
Salad: French Endive, Diced Apple and Grated Carrots
Thousand Island Dressing — Sterling Pudding with Lemon Sauce
Coffee

SUPPER

Tomato Juice — Cheese Rarebit with Crisp Wafers
Poinsettia Salad — Grape Juice — Fruit Cake

AND 2 RECIPES BY DR. DONAHUE

Stuffing for Roast

Cut celery coarsely. [illegible] small onions, peel and core apples, 2 tablespoons each of diced turnip and green pepper, moistened with a little milk and season lightly.

Sterling Fruit Pudding

1 Cup Butter	*[illegible] Tablespoon Lemon Juice*
2½ Cups Whole-wheat Bread Crumbs	*Grated Rind of One Lemon*
? Cup Grated Carrots	*? Cup Mixed Peel*
4 Egg Yolks	*1 Teaspoon Cinnamon*
1½ Cups Brown Sugar	*½ Teaspoon Nutmeg*
½ Teaspoon Cloves	*½ Teaspoon Baking Powder*
	4 Egg Whites

Mix all ingredients and lastly add the beaten egg whites. Place in individual molds and steam one hour. Serve with lemon sauce.

On New Year's Eve Henry VIII held mock court and assigned a merry making role to each attendant.

7 Prize Winning Recipes for the New Year

LITTLE ROAST PIG

A MAIN dish that [illegible] and a holiday treat on New Year's is the prize winning recipe by Mrs. Louise [illegible], North Dakota. Make it this way:

1 4 [illegible] pig [illegible] salt [illegible] pepper [illegible]

"Thoroughly clean and [illegible] pig [illegible] evenings [illegible] clean cloth. [illegible] salt and pepper [illegible] body [illegible] stuffing [illegible] salt pork [illegible] to keep [illegible]

[illegible] 350 degrees [illegible] hours. Make a [illegible] behind the ears to permit escape of steam after the pig is removed from oven. [illegible] brush pig [illegible] red apple in its mouth. [illegible] serving dish [illegible] for the pig's ears. Make a wreath of cranberries [illegible] the neck, garnish with apple slices and sprigs of fresh parsley.

[illegible]

LEBKUCHEN—A HOLIDAY CAKE FOR THE FAMILY

H[illegible] cake that is [illegible] of the year. The prize winning recipe is by Mrs. [illegible] prepares it this way:

[illegible]

MOLASSES TAFFY

A DELICIOUS candy with a lot of fun in the making, including an old fashioned taffy pull is suggested by the prize winning recipe of Mrs. Charles W. Thurn, [illegible], Illinois. Here it is:

1 [illegible] molasses syrup
2 [illegible] granulated sugar
? tablespoons butter
? tablespoons vinegar

Cook all together until the mixture forms a very firm ball [illegible] cold water. Remove from fire and add a good pinch of soda and [illegible] cup chopped pecan meats, and pour on a large greased platter [illegible]. When partially cool, so that it can be handled, start to pull. Pull from you and lap back over again. Never twist the [illegible]. Always pull from you [illegible]. This keeps air in the taffy and makes it light and [illegible]. Pull the taffy until a [illegible] light cream color. Then [illegible] in a [illegible] and [illegible]. Do as I've told you and you'll have a fine [illegible].

[illegible] Mrs. Thurn [illegible] Mary Lee Swann.)

CHEESE BISCUITS—SERVE 'EM SIZZLING HOT

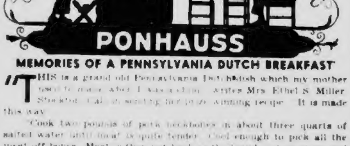
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ tablespoon salt
? tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk
A little less than ½ lb. butter
Equal amount cream cheese

Cut shortening into dry ingredients. Add milk to form soft dough. Roll out on floured board and cut into small biscuits. Place in pan so that side of biscuits touch. Just before baking spread with cheese and butter mixture which is made by melting cheese and butter together over hot water. Bake until golden brown at 400 degrees F.

Mrs. Gus Bosch,
Litchfield, Illinois.

(A [illegible] recipe that will make [illegible] party a success. With a [illegible] these sizzling hot biscuits [illegible]. Mary Lee Swann.)

In Italy it is considered unlucky for anyone to go out of the house before breakfast on New Year's Day.



PONHAUSS

MEMORIES OF A PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH BREAKFAST

"THIS is a grand old Pennsylvania Dutch dish which my mother used to make when I was a child," writes Mrs. Ethel S. Miller, Stockton, Cal., in sending her prize winning recipe. "It is made this way:

"Cook two pounds of pork backbones in about three quarts of salted water until meat is quite tender. Cool enough to pick all the meat off bones. Meat is then put back in the liquid, put on stove and brought to boil.

"Thicken with about two cups corn meal, either white or yellow—enough to make a stiff mush. Cook slowly for half an hour in heavy kettle, stirring to keep from burning. Pour into deep bowl or pan to cool. Slice and fry for breakfast."

(Mrs. Miller, we enjoyed your Ponhauss very much. It may also be served with syrup or honey. Mary Lee Swann.)

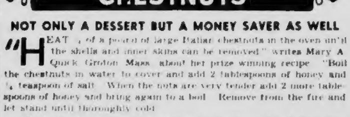
TOMATO OKRA—A TEMPTING SOUP AT ANY TIME

1 lb. young okra
4 slices raw bacon
1 medium onion
1 can tomato puree
Salt to season

Wash and dry young tender pods, removing the stems without cutting the pod. Cut 4 slices of raw bacon in small pieces and brown over slow fire. Add chopped onion and 4 tablespoons of the tomato juice and the okra cut in ½ inch slices. Simmer slowly and as it cooks dry add 4 or 5 more spoonfuls of the tomato until you have used the entire can. Stir often and season with salt to taste. I do not cover this with a lid and the okra will absorb the tomato juice and will not be mushy or soft.

Mrs. C. L. Baker,
Red Mountain, Cal.

(This is an appetizing variation of the usual way of serving okra. I used the juice of the onion and like it a little better than the chopped onion. Mary Lee Swann.)



CHESTNUTS

NOT ONLY A DESSERT BUT A MONEY SAVER AS WELL

"HEAT ½ of a pound of large Italian chestnuts in the oven until the shells and inner skins can be removed," writes Mary A. Quick, Groton, Mass., about her prize winning recipe. "Boil the chestnuts in water to cover and add 2 tablespoons of honey and ¼ teaspoon of salt. When the nuts are very tender add 2 more tablespoons of honey and bring again to a boil. Remove from the fire and let stand until thoroughly cold.

"Take out the nuts from the thick syrup (save a few large pieces for decoration) and run through a potato ricer, mounding them high. Flavor the syrup with ½ teaspoon of vanilla extract and pour just enough over the nuts to moisten slightly—do not make too wet. Mash them with sweetened cream and garnish with nuts and a few candied cherries. Diluted coffee may be used in place of water when cooking the nuts if the flavor is liked."

(Miss Quick, we are giving you a prize for this recipe not for its value as a dessert, but because it gives an excellent substitute for the extremely expensive [illegible] that are beyond most pocketbooks. Mary Lee Swann.)

Additional Prize Recipes on "Echoes" Page

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Here's a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit.

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Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, [illegible] East [illegible] St., New York, N. Y. Recipes [illegible] cannot be returned.

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Old Christmas Customs and Feastings

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

"FIRST acknowledging the sacredness of the Holy Time of Christmas, I proceed to set forth the receipts as they are generally made at that great festival."

This begins an old document dated 1740. Among the receipts set forth are the feastings and diversions. This time of year being cold and frosty generally speaking, or what Jack Frost considers a fair day by the Noses, the Diversions are within Doors, whether in Exercise or by the Fireside.

Among the Christmas games suggested are the Hot Cockles, Apple Pie Bobbing for Pippins and Snapdragon. Post Rider and Lord Rochester, the Monster, back in the merry figures of the Mall Battles and the Black Joke. Perhaps Broadway would not be flattered by the comparison.

Historians tell us that in this celebration of the Christmas Feast, on the 24th of December, "Spiritual nations are in reality Spiritual Drunk." Be that as it may, during the period of the Winter Solstice the time when the sun begins his upward climb in the heavens, the return to lengthening days and warmth. The Feast of the Phoenician Baal the Sun God, the feast of the Roman Saturn, and the feast of the Teutonic Odin are all ancestors of the winter time holiday feasting and rejoicing that characterize our Christmas season today.

While logs of the ancient Britons, the pudding, suggested the old Teutonic rosemary-bedecked roast boar's head of old England and the roast peacock capon, pheasant, hares, brawn and spruits of beef, oysters of England, France and Spain carp, lungue pies, plum cakes, pudding, frumenty and venison are all reminiscent of the gala days when the Christmas feasting was heralded by lusty trumpeters.

The wassail bowl famous in song and story was usually a spiced ale concoction with roasted apples bobbing merrily about in it. Later years sack and wine was used in place of ale. Today egg nogg is served in some sections of the world as a substitute for the wassail bowl.

An old Christmas custom that should be revived is the sharing of the old fashioned mince cakes with all children who honor our doors with their presence on Christmas day. It would add charm and happiness to any community that would take the trouble to revive it. It helps for a minor case the children go merrily on their way wishing Happy Christmas to each household.

Sweet Potato Biscuits

MIX and sift 2 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Add ¼ cup butter and 1 cup mashed cooked sweet potatoes. Add sufficient milk to make a dough that can be handled easily. Turn out on lightly floured board, pat and roll and shape with small biscuit cutter. Bake in a hot oven or at about 400 degrees until delicately browned.

Steamed Fruit Pudding

MIX 1 cup fresh currants and 1 cup raisins chopped and stoned. Mix and sift 1 ¼ cups sifted flour, ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and 1 teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup raisins and 1 cup chopped dried apricots. Combine with bread crumbs and add. Add ½ cup orange juice and 2 well beaten eggs. Turn into a buttered and floured mold. Cover closely with a buttered lid. Place in a large kettle of boiling water, taking care that water does not get into mold or in a steamer and steam 2 hours. Serve hot with orange hard sauce.

Lady Baltimore Cake

CREAM 1 cup butter or shortening with 2 cups sifted sugar and beat well. Alternately add 1 cup milk and 3½ cups sifted flour sifted again with 4 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Fold in 8 stiffly beaten egg whites. Add a few drops of rose water or any desired extract. Turn into three buttered and floured layer cake pans and bake in a moderate oven or at about 350 degrees until delicately browned and firm. Put together with Lady Baltimore filling and cover top and sides with boiled frosting.

Lady Baltimore Filling: Boil 4 cups sugar, 2 cups water and 4 teaspoons white vinegar until sugar thermometer registers 240 degrees. Pour slowly over 4 stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly. When a little of the syrup has been added, stop beating remaining syrup in a fine stream and finish adding. Beat until mixture holds its shape and has a creamy pulpy appearance. To above mixture add 1 cup broken pecan nuts, 1 cup chopped raisins and 6 or 8 sliced dried or crystallized figs. Cover top and sides with the plain boiled frosting.

Christmas Cheese Sticks or Trees

TOAST pointed sticks of bread, spread with butter and cover with grated cheese. Sprinkle with paprika and put in oven until cheese melts. Serve at once.

Mincemeat

MIX 4 pounds chopped cooked beef, 5 pounds chopped apples, 2 pounds sugar, 1 quart molasses, 2 pounds raisins, 2 pounds currants, 2 pounds mixed chopped citron, 2 tablespoons each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and salt, 1 tablespoon nutmeg, 1 pint vinegar, 1 pint cider and 1 pint brandy. Mix well and pack in stone jars. Cover tightly and keep in a cool place. Will keep for months. Use for pies.

By Request

Christmas Peach Pickles

EXTRACT juice from peach preserves and add enough vinegar to make 1 pint liquid. To each pint add 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon allspice and ½ teaspoon ginger. Boil 5 minutes. Pour over peaches and let stand overnight. Next day drain off liquid, reheat and pour over peaches. Repeat this process for 3 days.

Holiday Watermelon Rind Pickles

REMOVE rind from melon and cut into pieces 1 inch square. Cook in boiling water until tender. Drain. To each pint of vinegar add 1 pint sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon allspice and 1 teaspoon ginger. Boil 5 minutes. Pour over rind and let stand overnight. Next day drain off liquid, reheat and pour over rind. Repeat this process for 3 days.

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast (New Year's)*
Orange Juice Cereal French Toast Marmalade Milk or Coffee	Pineapple Juice Cereal Cornbread Eggs Melba Toast Coffee	Grapes Cereal Poached Eggs Toasted Muffins Coffee	Sliced Bananas with Cream Orange Juice Cereal Baked Bacon Milk Toast Coffee	Apple Baked in Pineapple Juice Bacon Cereal Bread Sticks Pancakes Syrup Coffee	Grapefruit Poached Eggs Potato Cakes Melba Toast Milk	Cereal Fruit White Grape Cereal Cream Pancakes Broiled Bacon Milk or Coffee
Luncheon Holiday Soup (Left Overs) Creamed Green Peas Hungarly Sprout Sliced Cheese Cabbage Saxon French Dressing One Two Three Surprise Hot Punch *Dinner* Cream of Tomato Soup Cheese Cookies Fish Supreme Sauce White Cauliflower with Baby Beets Apple Meringue Pie	*Luncheon* Potatoes Meat Croquettes (Left Over) Creamed Green Peas Hungarly Sprout Sliced Cheese Cabbage Saxon French Dressing One Two Three Surprise Hot Punch *Dinner* Cream of Tomato Soup Cheese Cookies Fish Supreme Sauce White Cauliflower with Baby Beets Apple Meringue Pie	*Luncheon (Company)* Chowder Surprise Canned Left Over Meat Steamed Rice Fruit Chutney Ice Cream Balls Christmas Shortcake Tiny Hot Chocolates Cup Cakes Half Cups Coffee Individually *Dinner* Oysters Roasted Turkey Bread Dressing Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Cup Lettuce Tomato French Dressing Ambrosia	*Luncheon* Black Bean Soup Crackers Cheese Vegetable Club Sandwich Applesauce Honey Cake Tea *Dinner* Lima Beans Buttered Parsnips Buttered Chicken Fricassee Boiled Rice French Dressing Lettuce Fruit Gelatin Pudding Cream	Baked Ham Potato Border Green String Beans Spiced Crab Apples Lemon Dressing Molasses Cookies Tea Fruit Ice Cream Gelatin Cream	Fruited Jello Cookie Plates Christmas and New Year's Punch Half Cups Coffee *Supper* (New Year's Eve) Tomato Juice Cocktail Hot Biscuit Butter Pan Broiled Beefsteak Onions and Ham Pan Fried Potatoes Hot Mince Pie Angel Food Cake Tea	Pineapple Juice Cocktail Hot Biscuit Butter French Dressing Cookie Plates Christmas and New Year's Punch Half Cups Coffee *Supper* (New Year's Day) Tomato Juice Cocktail Hot Biscuit Butter Pan Broiled Beefsteak Onions and Ham Pan Fried Potatoes and Ripe Olive Salad Hot Mince Pie Angel Food Cake Tea

For Richer—or For Poorer?

(Continued from Page 12)

American Weekly Patterns

3941
3942
3933
3943
3917
How I long my boun to sleep.
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take
If I should live for other days,
I pray thee, Lord, to guide my ways.

Pattern 3941 HERE'S LOVELINESS YOU'LL LOVE AND A JOY FOR HOURS. CRUISE WITH HOOK OF THE EARLY MEMORIZED MEDALLIONS. Pattern 3941 contains instructions for making the continuous illustration of 4 and of stitches, material requirements.

Pattern 3943 MAKE ME UP TWO DIFFERENT WAYS—SAYS THIS CHARMING NEW STYLE. AS BLOUSE AND SKIRT AND AS A SHIRTWAISTER. Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch fabric for blouse, skirt 2¾ yards.

Pattern 3933 SO YOU WANT TO LOOK SLIMMER, YOUNGER AND SMARTER? THIS ALL-PURPOSE FROCK IS JUST "THE THING" FOR AT HOME WEAR. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3942 IT'S A LEADER AMONG SLIPS FOR IT FEATURES A SHADOW-PROOF SECTION THAT'S SO PRACTICAL AND NON-SLIP. STRAPS. SET INCLUDE BLOOMERS. Designed for women's sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3917 LOVELY INSPIRATION TO HANG ON BEDROOM WALLS. THIS EASILY EMBROIDERED PICTURE WITH SCENE APPROPRIATE FOR THE PRAYER. Pattern 3917 contains a transfer pattern of a panel 14x17½ inches, color chart and key, materials required, illustration of stitches.

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"I Serve Time in a French Prison"

(Continued from Page 12)

THANKS BE
says Favored Son
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(To Be Concluded Next Sunday)
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"All Aboo-ard! Snow Train!"

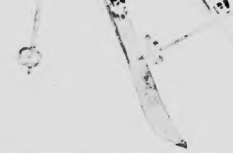
By Will Cuppy

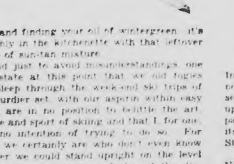
Hailing the Snappy Season of the Frosty Excursions, Mr. Will Cuppy Discourses on the Ups and Downs of Skiing Enthusiasts

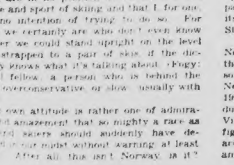
All together now let's have some lusty cheers for dear old Jack Frost and his winter sports. For this is the time of year when hardy souls dress themselves up in all manner of funny clothes and scatter in search of skating, skiing, ice-hockey, supper-bobs-whopping or toboggan chutes, camping out in zero weather exhilarating, that's what it is, mountain scaling on snowshoes, or planks, a bit of curling, if they can find a few Scotchmen.

Take skiing, for instance. I don't ski much myself, nothing to boast of, in fact. I don't go at all, being subject to a nervous tic or twitching, strained across the bridge of the nose right at the sight of me in snow. Besides, I get very cold in the winter, and I have worked out a system of indoor life closely approximating hibernation which suits me quite well, thank you kindly, as I see no reason to those persons who have to have snow down their backs in order to be happy.

Not even if it were warm in the winter, I always need a few months of which to recuperate from the strenuous efforts of the year. After the autumn season is over, I rest. I rest.







They Call This Fun, But Anyway It's Perfect Falling Form—And Mr Cuppy Tells Why

A Practice Slide Mattress Is a Nice Soft Place to Land, Too—Specially for Beginners

Indeed it ought to strike terror something now classified as a major winter sport in several sections of our country, including upper New York and New England, and a pastime moreover, that is fast getting on for its second million of addicts in the United States. It surprises me that's all.

If any of my fellow fogies still regard the Norseman trend as a flash in the pan, something that just got into people for a year or so, let them ponder the announcement by a New York business index, (as of December, 1937) that skiing is now a $20,000,000 industry in the United States. Those synthetic Vikings you've noticed around piled up that figure by spending $5,000,000 for skis and accessories over the period studied, a like amount for snow train and ski tickets, ditto for hotels, twice as much for special habiliments for correct skiing, $500,000 for instruction, and $4,500,000 for incidentals appertaining thereunto, including liniment.

About the same time somebody estimated the number of American ski fans at around 1,500,000 and the number of national, state and local organizations to keep us ski-minded at well over a hundred. Well, those things have a way of coming up.

All this has come about in a few short seasons as the result of high pressure work by the ski clubs and outstanding experts and attached to that elusive but powerful factor, word of mouth, which it would probably have been impossible to attach another tongue to so many Americans, feet and all, than skittering up hill and down over the stand and chilly landscape after it only offered for the purpose. For one thing, what became of all those cows?

And that skiing may be called a mere fashion never have perish the thought. There are fighting words to the American Viking. Shoved by proper specialty shops are ready to do or die in the effort to achieve a passable Snowplow, Step Turn or Fore Step Turn, unless his imagination runs to the Lilfoot Step, the Christiania, Open Fore or Stem, if not actually Jerked or Scissors, or the Telemark. The Gelandesprung comes later, if at all.

The Gelandesprung is not, as is sounds, a rare form of antelope. It is an obstacle vault, a thing you do when you wish to clear a bush, a high fence, a ditch, or perchance, a skier who is where he shouldn't be, out cold. Perfectly executed, it is said to inspire confidence in the performer like nobody's business, and I can see why. A man who can do a Gelandesprung can do anything. If my advice means anything to you, don't try it too soon. I have just seen a picture of a Gelandesprung and either something is wrong with my eyesight or the man is leaping straight off a cliff into the Grand Canyon. Well, it takes all kinds.

Anyway, skiing caught on, for it's a game that manufacturers can exploit as it goes along, that's the story of the American heart, in a nutshell. Hence the sudden appearance of the snow fort, complete with bow and arrow slits, where one can withstand up to three weeks the direst siege, and its cousin, the fantastic snow-armored parapet, affording, in the course of a morning's work, quite a number of opportunities to be pelted in the face by the other fellow's snowball, if he can get up. There's also the snow mattress, a thing you fall on when you take a header off the jump, and the snow-plow, a device for clearing the driveway, which is also good for the complexion.

Before breaking up our treatise, dear, with parting admonitions to the novice on How to Fall, It seems you ought to take a few ways and lose them, so as to treat your skis (which would be ill in the air by that time) would there be where WOULD there be endeavoring to land with their backs in the attic, in a gay-hearted attitude for the forward plunge is not so good. In that case the face is likely to become entangled with the ski-tips to rather a nasty way with other complications such as peri-anal intolerance, successive nose dives and possible manpower flattening out against some fine old colonial stone wall. This should not be attempted by the novice.

By following the gymnastic exercises in the book you can become quite a proficient faller in your own home before you ever take to the trails. There's a Gelandesprung exercise with two high backed chairs in one of my books that looks like a honey, almost as good as the real thing for cracks on the head and that loud-of-bricks sensation, with or without coma.

And you needn't tell the neighbors about it either, because you'll never convince some people that you are trying to learn how to fall, so that you will eventually be able to go somewhere and fall down a mountain. Your explanation would be perfectly true, but you known how some people are.

Yes, I understand it is all right to pronounce it SKEE and not SHEE, if you want to, so that is what I do. I still don't know what a schuss is. That will come in time, I suppose.

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